

There once was a girl from MaDRAS!

who had a magnificent...
way of speaking. Thus did we
Soda Fountain Lotharios

of Ames, Iowa hop past
the limits of heartland sin,

teasing the old limerick as
girl-circles giggled.

Any verbal-further and
MOTHERS! 'd be apprised.
That was very then.

One halcyon day an Egyptian
'll drop by, exploding himself
all over the chrome fixtures.